THE LETTING OF HVMORS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE.

With a new Moriſſco, daunced by ſeuen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of *Diogines Tubbe*.

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

TO THE GENTLE-men Readers.

HVmors, *is late crownd King of Caualeeres,*
Fantaſtique-follies *grac'd with common fauour:*
Ciuilitie, *hath ſerued out his yeares,*
And ſcorneth now to waite on good behauiour,
Gallants, *like* Richard *the Vſurper ſwagger.*
That had his hand continuall on his dagger.

Faſhions *is ſtill conſort with new found ſhapes,*
And feedeth daylie vpon ſtrange diſguiſe:
We ſhew our ſelues the imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that ſtrangers heades deuiſe;
For ther's no habit of hell-hatched Sinne,
That we delight not to be cloathed in.

Some ſweare, as though they Starrs from heauen could pull
And all their ſpeech is pointed at the ſtabbe,
When all men know it is ſome coward gull,
That is but Champion to a Shordich drabbe.
Whoſe feather is his heades lightnes proclaimer,
Although he ſeeme ſome mightie monſter-tamer.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Epicuriſme, *cares not how he liues,*
But ſtill purſueth brutiſh Appetite:
Diſdaine, *regards not what abuſe he giues,*
Careleſſe of wronges, and vnregarding right,
Selfe-loue (*they ſay*) *to ſelfe-conceit is wed,*
By which baſe match, are vgly vices bred.

Pride, *reuelles like the ruyſting Prodigall,*
Stretching his credit that his Purſtringes cracke,
Vntill in ſome diſtreſfull layle he fall,
Which wore of late a Lordſhip on his backe:
Where he till death muſt lie in pawne for debt:
Griefes night is neare, when Pleaſures Sunne is ſet.

Vaunting, *hath got a mighty thundring voyce,*
Looking that all men ſhould applaud his ſound:
His deedes are ſingular, his wordes be choyce,
On earth his equall is not to be found.
Thus Vertu's *hid with* Follies *iuggling miſt,*
And hees no man that is no humoriſt.

S. R.

TO POETS.

GOod honeſt Poets, let me craue a boone,
That you would write, I do not care how ſoone
Againſt the baſtard Humors howrely bred,
In euery mad-braind wit-worne giddy head:
At ſuch groſſe follies doe ſit and winke,
Belabour theſe ſame Gulls with pen and inke:
You ſee ſome ſtriue for faire hand-wrighting fame,
As *Peter Bales*, his ſigne can proue the ſame,
Gracing his credit with a Golden pen:
I would haue Poets proue more taller men:
In peefect letters reeted his contention,
But yours conſiſts in Wits choyce rare inuention.
Will you ſtand ſpending your inuentions treaſure,
To teach ſtage Parrets ſpeake for penny pleaſure.
While you your ſelues like muſicke-ſounding Lutes
Eretted and ſtrung, gaine them their ſilken ſutes.
Leaue *Cupids* cut, womens face-flatt'ring praiſe,
Loues ſubiect growes too threedbare now adayes.
Change *Venus* Swannes to write of *Vulcans* Geeſe,
And you ſhall merite Golden Pennes a peece.

FINIS.

Mirth pleaſeth ſome; to others ti's offence:
Some wiſh t'haue follies told; ſome diſlike that:
Some commend plaine conceits, ſome profound ſence:
And moſt would haue, themſelues know not what.
Then he that would pleaſe all, and him ſelfe too,
Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 1.

MOnſieur *Domings*, is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got;
Proving more Phiſick in an Ale-houſe Can
Then may be found in any Vintners Pot.:
Beere he proteſtes is ſodden and refin'd;
But this he ſpeakes, being ſingle pennie lin'd.

For when his Purſe is ſwolne but ſixe-pence big,
Why then he ſweares; Now by the Lord I thinke,
All Beere in *Europe* is not worth a Figge:
A cup of Claret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praiſe from Beere to Wine doth goe,
Euen as his Purſe in Pence doth ebbe and flow.

EPIG. 2.

WHo ſeekes to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offend:
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le end.

Epig.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 3. *BOREAS.*

HAng him baſe Gull, Ile ſtab him by the Lord,
If he preſume to ſpeake but halfe a word:
Ile paunch the villaine with my Rapiers poynt,
Or heaw him with my Fauchion ioynt by ioynt:
through both his cheeks my poniard he ſhal haue
Or Mincepie-like, Ile mangle out the ſlaue.
Aske who I am, you whorſon frieſe-gowne patch
Call me before the Conſtable, or Watch?
Cannot a Captaine walke the Kings high-way?
Swones, Who de ſpeake to? know ye villaines, ha?
You drunken peſants, run's your tongs on wheels
Long you to ſee your guttes about your heeles?
Dooſt loue me *Tom*? let goe my Rapier then,
Perſwade me not from killing nine or ten:
I care no more to kill them in braueado,
Then for to drinke a pipe of *Trenidado*.
My minde to patience neuer will reſtore me,
Vntill their blood do guſh in ſtreames before me.
Thus doth Sir *Lancelot* in his drunken ſtagger,
Sweare, curſe & raile, threaten, proteſt & ſwagger:
But being next day to ſober anſwer brought,
Hee's not the man can breed ſo baſe a thought.

When

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 4.

WHen *Thraſo* meetes his friend, he ſweares by (God,
Vnto his Chamber he ſhall welcome be: :
Not that heele cloy him there with roſt or ſod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes ſhops agree:
But hee'le preſent moſt kind, exceeding franke,
The beſt *Tobacco* that he euer dranke.

Such as himſelfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd frō the ground
All that which other fetch, he doth abhor,
His grew vpon an Iland neuer found,
Oh rare compound, a dying Horſe to choke,
Of Engliſh fire, and of India ſmoke.

EPIG. 5.

Diogines one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-ſhine: his intent
Was (as he ſaid) ſome honeſt man to finde:
For ſuch were rare to meete, or he was blind. (got
One late, might haue done well like lights t'haue
That ſought his Wife; met her, and knew her not.
But ſtay, cry mercy, ſhe had on her Maske,
How could his eyes performe their ſpying taske?

T'is

T'is very true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sun and Torch; let him take Lant-horne too.

EPIG. 6.

ALas, *Delfridus* keepes his bed God knowes,
Which is a ſigne his Worſhip's very ill:
His griefe beyond the grounds of Phiſicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neare it with his skill:
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, & ſleepe profound
Seeming to all mens iudgements healthfull ſound.

Then geſſe the cauſe he thus to bed is drawne:
What, thinke you ſo; may ſuch a hap procure it?
Well, t'is very true, his Hoſe are out at pawne;
A breechleſſe chaunce is come, he muſt indure it:
His Hoſe to Brokers layle committed are,
His ſingular and onely Veluet paire.

EPIG. 7.

SPeake Gentlemen, What ſhall we do to day;
Drinke ſome braue health vpon the Dutch ca- (rouſe?
Or ſhall we to the *Globe* & ſee a Play?
Or viſit *Shordtch* for a Baudie houſe?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,

To

To ſit thus idle, is both ſinne and ſhame.

This ſpeakes ſir *Reuell*, furniſht out with faſhion,
Frō diſh-crownd Hat, vnto the Shoos ſquare toe,
That haunts a Whore-houſe but for recreation:
Playes but at Dice to cunny-catch, or ſo:
Drinks drunke in kindnes for good fellowſhip;
Or to the Play goes, but ſome Purſe to nip.

EPIG. 8.

SIr *Gall-iade*, is a Horſe-man eu'ry day,
His Bootes, & Spurs, and Legges do neuer part:
Hee rides a Horſe as paſsing cleane away,
As any that goes Tiburne-ward by Cart:
Yet honeſtly he payes for Hackneys hire;
But hang them Iades, he ſells them when they tire.

He liues not like *Diogines* on Rootes,
But proues a Mince-pie gueſt vnto his Hoſt:
He ſcornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes;
And ſcornes his Diet on the Vitlers poſt:
And whē he knows not where to haue his dinner
He faſts, and ſweares, A glutton is a ſinner.

This

EPIG. 9. *Drudo.*

THis Gentleman hath ſerued long in *France*,
And is returned filthy full of *French*;
In ſingle Combat being hurt by chaunce,
As he was cloſely foyling at a Wench:
Yet hot alarmes he hath endur'd good ſtore;
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no ſooner drawne and ventred ni-her,
Intending onely but to haue a bout,
When ſhe his Flaske & Touch-box ſet on fier;
And till this houre the burning is not out:
Iudge, was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a ſpit-fire Serpent ſo durſt fight.

EPIG. 10.

SOme do account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-ſped, for mucke:
Boyes on whoſe chinnes no Downe appears,
Marry old Croanes of threeſcore yeares:
But they are fooles to Widdowes cleaue;
Let them take that which Maydes do leaue.

Fie

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 11. *In Meretricem.*

FYe Gentlemen, you mooue me to offence,
In comming to me with vnchaſt pretence;
Haue I the looke of a laſciuious Dame?
That you ſhould deeme me fit for wantons game?
I am not ſhe will take luſtes ſinne vpon her,
Ile rather die, then dimme chaſt glorious honour.
Tempt not mine eares; & grace of Chriſt I meane
To keepe mine honeſt reputation cleane:
My hearing lets no ſuch leawd ſound come in,
My ſenſes loth to ſurfet on ſweete ſinne:
Reuerſe your minde, that goes from grace aſtray,
And God forgiue you, with my heart I pray.
The gallant notes her words, obſerues her frowns
Then drawes his purs, & lets her view his crowns
Vowing that if her kindnes graunt him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtris to commaund his treaſure.
The ſtormes are calm'd, the guſt is ouer-blowne,
And ſhe replyes with; *Yours, or not her owne.*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
Twa's but her tricke to try if men doe ieſt:
Her loue is lock'd where he may pick the truncke
Let *Singer* iudge if this be not a Puncke.

Poli-

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 12.

POlitique *Peter* meetes his friend a ſhore,
That came from Seas but newly tother day:
And giues him French embracements by ꝑ ſcore;
Then folowes: *Dicke*, haſt made good voiage, ſay?
But hearing *Richards* ſhares be poore and ſicke,
Peter ha's haſte, and can not drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he ſalutes aboue the Knees and Thighes:
welcome ſweet *Iames*, now by ꝑ Lord what cheere
Ne're better *Peter*, we haue got rich Prize.
Come, come, (ſayes *Peter*) euen a welcome quart,
For by my fay, weele drinke before we part:
Or thus.
Sure we muſt drinke, that's flat, before we part.

EPIG. 13.

FIne *Phillip* comes vnto the Barbers ſhopp,
Where's nittie Locks muſt ſuffer reformation:
The Chaire and Chuſhion entertaines his ſlopp:
The Barber craues to know his worſhips faſhion
His will is, ſhauen; for his Beard is thin,
It was ſo lately baniſh'd from his chin.

But

But ſhauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the ſmooth-face cut he calles:
Then fie, theſe Cloathes are waſht with common Sope;
Why doſt thou vſe ſuch ordinarie Bals?
I ſcorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his heart he loues a common Whore.

EPIG. 14.

Signeur Fantaſticke.

I Scorne to meete an Enemie in field,
Except he be a Souldier (by this light)
I likewiſe ſcorne my reaſon for to yeeld:
Yea further, I doe well nigh ſcorne to fight;
Moreouer, I do ſcorne to be ſo vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do ſcorne to walke without my man,
Yea and I ſcorne good morrow and good deane:
I alſo ſcorne to touch an Ale-houſe cann,
Thereto I ſcorne an ordinarie Queane.
Thus doth he ſcorne, diſdainfull, proude, & grim
All but the Foole onely, he ſcornes not him.

Amo-

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 15.

AMorous *Austin* ſpendes much Balleting
In riming Letters, & loue Sonetting: (her,
Shee that loues him, his Inck-horne ſhall bepaint
And with all *Venus* tytles he'le acquaint her:
Vowing ſhe is a perfect Angell right,
When ſhe by waight, is many graines too light:
Nay, all that do but touch her with the Stone,
Will be depoſ'd that Angell ſhe is none:
How can he prooue her for an Angell then,
That prooues her ſelfe a Diuell, tempting men:
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their entring it?
I know no cauſe wherefore he tearmes her ſo,
Vnleſſe he meanes ſhee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer* chiefe Prince, doth domineere:
If ſhe be ſuch; then good my hearts ſtand cleere,
Come not within the compaſſe of her flight;
For ſuch as doe, are haunted with a Spright.
This Angell is not noted by her Winges,
But by her Tayle, all full of prickes and ſtinges:
And know this luſt-blind Louer's vaine is led,
To praiſe his Diuell, in an Angels ſtead.

Gallus

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 17.

Gallus will haue no Barbour prune his Beard,
Yet is his Chin cleane ſhauen and vnheard:
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenches doe it with their Warming-pan.

EPIG. 18.

When *Canalero Rake-hell* is to riſe
Out of his Bed, he capers light and heddie:
Thē wounds he ſweares; you arant whore he cries
Why what's the cauſe that Breakfaſt is not reddie?
Can men feed (like *Camelions*) on the ayre?
This in the manner of his Morning-prayer.

VVell, he ſweares on, vntill his Breakfaſt comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke apace:
Leauing his Boy a Banquet all of Crummes.
Diſpatch you Rogue, my Rapier; thats his Grace:
So foorth he walkes, his Stomacke muſt go ſhift;
To dine and ſuppe abroad, by deed of guift.

EPIG. 19.

A Woefull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tobacco* takers may be feard:

EPIGRAMS.

One (at the poynt with Pipe and Leafe to part)
Did vow *Tobacco* worſe then Deaths blacke dart;
And prou'd it thus: You know (qd. he) my friends
Death onely ſtabbes the heart, and ſo life endes:
But this fame Poyſon, ſteeped *India* weede,
In head, hart, lunges, doth ſoote & cobwebs breed.
With that he gaſp'd, & breath'd out ſuch a ſmoke,
That all the ſtanders by were like to choke.

EPIG. 20.

Cæſar would gladly drinke, but wants his purſe
Nay wanteth mony, which is ten times worſe:
For as he argues himſelfe, he hath not ſeene
In three dayes ſpace the picture of the Queene:
Yet at he meete a friend neare Tauerne ſigne,
Straight he intreates him take a pint of Wine:
For he will giue it, that he will, no nay.
What will he giue? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth; Boy, fill vs the tother Quart,
I will beſtow it then, with all my heart.
Then doth he dine into his Slops profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found:
Meane while his frind diſcharges all the Wine:
Stay, ſtay, (quoth he) or well, next ſhall be mine.

Sots

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

SOto can proue ſuch as are drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men: the Pox he can as ſoone:
Nay, heare his reaſon ere you doe condemne,
And if you finde it fooliſh, hiſſe and hemme.
He ſayes, Good blood is euen the life of man.
I graunt him that: (ſay you) well go-to than,
More Drinke, the more good Blood. O that's a lie,
The more you drinke, the ſooner drunke, ſay I.
Now he proteſtes you doe him mighty wrong,
Swearing a man in drinke, is three men ſtrong:
And he will pawne his head againſt a pennie,
One right madd drunke, will brawle & fight with (any.
Well, you reply: that argument is weake,
How can a drunkard brawle, that can not ſpeake?
Or how can he vſe weapon in his hand,
Which can not guide his feete to goe or ſtand?
Harke what an oath the drunkē ſlaue doth ſweare
He is a man by that, a man may heare:
And when you ſee him ſtagger, reele, and winke,
He is a man and more; I, by this Drinke.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

FRancke in name, and Francke by nature,
Francis is a moſt kind creature:
Her ſelfe hath ſuffered many a fall,
In ſtriuing how to pleaſure all.

EPIG. 22.

When ſigneur *Saike & Suger* drinke dround reeles,
He vowes to heaw the ſpurs from's fellows heeles,
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
Into a louing league they preſent grow:
Then inſtantly vpon a Cup or twaine,
Out Poniards goe, and to the ſtabbe againe:
Friendes vpon that; they drinke, and ſo imbrace:
Straight bandie Daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a madd drunke foole,
In Tauerne pots that keepes his Fencing-ſchole.

EPIG. 23.

CO*rnutus* was exceeding ſicke and ill,
Pain'd as it ſeemed chiefly in his head:
He call'd his friendes, meaning to make his Will,
who found him drunke, with hoſe & ſhooes a bed
To whom he ſayd; Oh good my Maiſters ſee,
Drinke with his Dart hath all be-ſtabbed mee.

EPIGRAMS.

I heere bequeath, if I doe chaunce to die,
To you kind friendes & *boone* companions all,
A pound of good *Tobacco*, ſweete and dry,
To drinke amongſt you, at my Funerall:
Beſides, a Barrell of the beſt ſtrong Beere,
And Pickle-hearings, for to domineere.

EPIG. 24.

WEe men, in many faultes abound,
But two in Women can be found:
The worſt that from their ſex proceedes,
Is naught in wordes, and naught in deedes.

EPIG. 25.

BId mee goe ſleepe? I ſcorne it with my heeles,
I know my ſelfe as good a man as thee:
Let goe mine Arme I ſay, lead him that reeles,
I am a right good Fellow; doſt thou ſee?
I know what longes to drinking, and I can
Abuſe my ſelfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very ſtraw:
Ile fight with any hee aboue the ground.

Tut, tell not me whats what, I know the Law,
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight:
Ile now try falles with any, by this light.

EIP G. 26.

BEhold, a moſt accompliſh'd Canaleere,
That the worlds Ape of faſhions doth appeare,
Walking the ſtreetes his humors to diſcloſe,
In the French Doublet, and the Germane Hoſe:
The Muffes Cloake, Spaniſh Hat, Tolledo blade,
Italian Ruffe, a Shooe right Flemiſh made;
Like Lord of Miſrule, where he comes he'le reuel,
And lye for wagers with the lying'ſt Diuell.

EPIG. 27.

ASke *Humors*, why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) hee'le ſweare.
Or, what he doth with ſuch a Horſe-taile Locke?
Or, why vpon a Whore he ſpendes his Stocke?
He hath a Humor doth determine ſo.
Why in the ſtop-throate faſhion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke, Hat without band?
It is his Humor, ſweete ſir vnderſtand.

What

EPIGRAMS.

What cauſe his Purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt,
That often times t'is ſcarcely penny bleſt?
Onely a Humor: If you queſtion why?
His tongue is nere vnfurniſh'd with a lye;
It is his Humor too, he doth proteſt:
Or, why with Sergjantes he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to Ghoſtes they haunt him ery day?
A raſcall Humor, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, Why Bootes & Spurs are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His Humor anſwer's; Humor is his reaſon.
If you perceiue his Witt's in wetting ſhrunke:
It commeth of a Humor to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, & poore,
Th'occaſion is, his Humor, and a Whore:
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is his veine, for ſenceleſſe Humors ſake.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way ſtanders, hauing cros-les curſſe,
Did greet my friend with, ſir, giue vs your purſſe
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one:
For purſſe & coine betwixt them foure was none.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne ſweete Picture to be made:
Which being done, ſhe from her word did ſlip,
And would not pay full due for workmanſhip:
The Painter ſwore ſhe nere ſhould haue it ſo;
She bade him keepe it, and away did goe:
Hee chollericke, and mightie diſcontent,
Straight tooke his Pencell and to worke he went;
Making the Dogge ſhe held, a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his ſhop to her diſgrace:
Some of her friendes that ſaw it, to her went,
In ieſting maner, asking what ſhe meant,
To haue her Picture hang where gazers ſwarme,
Holding a filthy Catte within her arme?
She in a ſhamefull heate in haſte did hie,
The Painter to content and ſatisfie;
Right glad to giue a French crowne for his paine,
To turne her Catte into a Dogge againe.

EPIG. 30.

What's hee that ſits and takes a nap,
Fac'd like the North-winde of a Map:
And ſleeping to the Wine doth nod?
Tis *Bacchus* cooſen, Belly-god.

When

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 31.

WHen *Tarlton* clown'd it in a pleaſant vaine,
And with conceits did good opinions gaine
Vpon the ſtage, his merry humours ſhop. (ſlop
Clownes knew the Clowne, by his great clowniſh
But now th'are gull'd, for preſent faſhion ſayes,
Dicke Tarltons part, Gentlemens breeches plaies:
In euery ſtreete where any *Gallant* goes,
The ſwagg'ring Sloppe, is *Tarltons* clowniſh hoſe.

EPIG. 32. *To Lutius.*

One newly practiz'd in *Aſtronomie*,
That neuer dealt in weather-witt before:
Would ſcrape (forſoth) acquantance of the ſkie,
And by his art, go knocke at heauen dore,
Meane while a Scholler in his ſtudie ſlippes,
And taught his Wife ſkill in the Moones eclipes.

Next night, that friend perſwads him walke alone
Into the field, to gather ſtarres that fell:
To mix them with Philoſophers rare ſtone
That begets gold: he likt the motion well,
And went to watch, where ſtarres dropt very thin,
But raine ſo ſhour'd, it wet his foole-caſe skin.

What

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 33.

What gallant's that, whose oaths fly through my (eares,
How like a Lord of *Pintoes* court he sweares:
How braue in such a baudie house he fought,
How rich his emptie Purse is outside wrought,
how Duchman-like he swallows down his krinke
How sweete he takes *Tobacco* till he stinke:
How loftie sprited he disdaines a Boore,
How faythfull harted he is to a ( )
How cock-tayle proud he doth his head aduance,
How rare his Spurres do ring the morris-daunce:
Now I protest by Mistris *Susans* Fanne,
Hee and his Boy, will make a proper man.

EPIG. 34.

LAugh good my Maisters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it:
Saw you a verier Asse in all your life,
That makes himselfe a Pack-horse to his Wife?
I would his nose where I could wish, were warme,
For carrying *Pearle*, so prettie vnder's arme.
Pearle, his wiues Dog; a pretty sweet-fac'd curre,
That

That barkes a nights at the leaſt fart doth ſturre,
Is now not well, his cold is ſcarcely broke;
Therfore good Hisband, wrap him in thy cloake:
And ſweet-hart, prethee helpe me to my Maske;
Hold *Pearle* but tender, for he hath the laske.
Heere, take my Muffe: & do you heare good man;
Now giue me *Pearle*, and carry you my Fanne.
Alacke poore *Pearle*, the wretch is full of paine:
Hisband take *Pearle*, giue me my Fanne againe.
See how he quakes; fayth I am like to weepe:
Come to me *Pearle*; my Scarfe good hisband keepe
To be with mee I know my Puppy loues.
Why *Pearle*, I ſay: Hisband take vp my Gloues.
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himſelfe an Earle,
That he can pleaſe his Wife, and carry *Pearle*.
But others iudge his ſtate to be no higher,
Then a Dogs yeoman, or ſome Pippen Squier.

EPIG. 35.

WHy ſhould the Mercers trade, a Satten ſute,
With Cookes greaſe be ſo wickedly polute?
The reaſon is; the ſcandall and defame
Grew, that a greaſie ſlouen weares the ſame.

Seuerus

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

SEuerus is extreame in eloquence,
In perfum'd wordes, plung'd ouer head & eares;
He doth create rare Phraſe, but rarer ſence,
Fragments of Latine, all about he beares:
Vnto his Seruing-man, *alias*, his Boy,
He vtters ſpeach exceeding quaint and coy.

Deminitiue, and my defectiue ſlaue,
Reach me my corps couerture immediatly:
My pleaſures peaſure is, the ſame to haue,
T'inſconce my perſon from frigiditie.
His man beleeues all's Welch his Maiſter ſpoke,
Till he railes Engliſh: Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

EPIG. 37.

AN honeſt Vicker and a kind conſort,
That to the Alehouſe friendly would reſort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than;
Or drinke his Pot as ſoone as any man:
As faire a Gameſter, and as free from braull,
As euer man ſhould need to play withall:
Becauſe his Hoſteſſe pledg'd him not Carouſe,
Raſhly in choller did forſweare her houſe;

Taking

EPIGRAMS.

Taking the Glaſſe, this was the Oath he ſwore,
Now by this Drinke, Ile nere come hither more.
But mightily his Hoſteſſe did repent,
For all her Gueſtes to the next Alehouſe went;
following their Vickers ſteps in euery thing,
He led the Pariſh euen by a ſtring.
At length, his auncient Hoſteſſe did complaine,
She was vndone, vnleſſe he came againe;
Deſiring certaine friendes of hers and his,
To vſe a pollecie, which ſhould be this:
Becauſe with cõming he ſhould not forſweare him
To ſaue his oath, they on their backs to beare him.
Of this good courſe the Vicker well did thinke,
And ſo they alwayes carried him to drinke.

FINIS.

Your Sceane is done, depart you Epigrammes,
Enter Goat-footed Satyres, *butt like Rammes*:
Come nimbly foorth, Why ſtand you on delay?
O-ho, the Muſique-tuning makes you ſtay:
Well, friske it out nimbly; you ſlaues begin,
For now mee thinkes the Fidlers handes are in.

SATYRES.

WHo haue we heere? Behold him and be mute,
Some mightie Man (Ile warrant) by his ſute:
If all the Mercers in Cheapſide ſhew ſuch,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twiſe as much:
I thinke the Stuffe is nameleſſe he doth weare:
But what ſo ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,
Some ſwaggring Fellow, I may ſay to you:
It ſeemes, *Ambition* in his bigge lookes ſhroudes
Some *Centaure* ſure, begotten of the Cloudes:
Now a ſhame take the Buzzard, is it hee?
I know the Ruffaine, now his face I ſee.
On a more Gull the Sunne did neuer ſhine,
How (with a vengeance) comes the foole ſo fine?
Some Noble mans caſt Sute is fallen vnto him,
For buying Hoſe and Doublet, would vndoe him.
But wote you now, whither the Buzzard walkes?
I, into *Paules* forſooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumultes, vttring his aduice,
And prouing Warres euen like a game at dice:

For

For this (ſayes he) as euery Gameſter knowes,
Where one ſide winnes, the other ſide muſt loſe.
Next ſpeach he vtters, is his ſtomacks care,
Which ordinarily yeeldes the cheapeſt fare:
Or if his Purſe be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers, tis a Faſting day:
And then he talketh much againſt exceſſe,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre leſſe
Then Engliſhmen; experience you may get
In France and Spaine, (where he was neuer yet)
With a ſcore of Figges, and halfe a pint of Wine,
Some foure or fiue will very hugely dine.
Mee thinkes this tale is very huge in ſound,
That halfe a pint ſhould ſerue fiue to drinke round
And twentie Figges could feed them full and fat:
But Trauellers may lye; who knowes not that?
Then why not he, that trauels in conceit,
From Eaſt to Weſt, when he can get no meate?
His iourney is in *Paules* in the backe Iſles,
Wher's ſtomacke counts each pace a hūdred miles
A tedious thing, though chaunce will haue it ſuch,
To trauaile ſo long baytleſſe, ſure tis much.
Some other time, ſtumbling on wealthy Chuffes,
Worth gulling: then he ſwaggers all in huffes,

And tels them of a prize he was at taking,
Wil be the ſhip-boyes childrens childrens making
And that a Mouſe could find no roome in hold,
It was ſo peſterd all with Pearle and Gold:
Vowing to pawne his head if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapſid
A thouſand other groſſe and odious lies,
He dares auouch to blind dull Iudgements eyes,
Not caring what he ſpake or what he ſweare,
So he gaine credite at his heares eare.
Sometimes into the *Royall Exchange* hee'le droppe
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhoppe:
And there his tongue runs byace on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and wares:
And what great wealth he lookes for ery wind,
From God knows where, the place is hard to find
If newes be harkened for, then he preuayles,
Setting his mynt a worke to coyne falſe tales.
His tonges-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vttring rare lyes to be admired at:
Heele tell you of a tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreete hath in any ſhoppe,
which being ripe, downe into ſcabbards droppe.

He hath a very peece of the ſame Chaire,
In which *Ceſar* was ſtabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete vpon the ſtones did tread,
That *Sathan* brought & bad *Chriſt* make thē bread.
His wondrous trauels challenge ſuch renowne,
That Sir *Iohn Maundiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heades,& *Pigmires* hand-bredth hie,
Thoſe with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And do the weathers iniurie diſdaine,
Making their legges a penthouſe for the raine:
Are tut,and tuſh; not any thing at all.
His knowledge knows,what no mans notice ſhal:
This is a mate vnmeete for euery Groome,
And where he comes,peace, giue his lying roome.
He ſaw a *Hollander* in *Middleborow*,
As he was ſlaſhing of a Browne-loafe thorow,
Where-to the haſte of hunger had inclin'd him,
Cut himſelf through,& two that ſtood behind him
Beſides,he ſaw a fellow put to death,
Could drinke a whole Beere barrell at a breath.
Oh this is he that will ſay any thing,
That to himſelfe will any profite bring.
Gainſt whoſoere he doth ſpeake he cares not,
For what is it that ſuch a villaine dares not?

And though in conſcience he can not denie,
The Al-commander ſayth, *Thou ſhalt not lye*,
Yet he will anſwere (careleſſe of his ſoules ſtate)
Trueth-telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

2.

SATYRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindneſſe,
To winke at folly, is a fooliſh blindneſſe.
God ſaue you ſir, ſaluteth with a grace,
One he could wiſh neuer to ſee his face.
But doth not he vſe meere diſsimulation,
That's inſide hate, and outſide ſalutation?
Yes as I take it, yet his anſwere ſayes,
Faſhions and Cuſtomes, vſe it now adayes.
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in ſtreete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto ſight,
Yet will he do him the French *Congès* right,
And in his heart wiſh him as low as Hell,
When he in his wordes hee's glad to ſee him well:
Then being thus, a man may ſoone ſuppoſe,
There is, *God ſaue you ſir*, ſometimes twixt foes.

Oh ſir, why thats as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the ſame I will not goe,
But into *Houns-ditch*, to the Brokers row:
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Helborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*:
If thither you vouchſafe to turne your eye,
And ſee the Pawnes that vnder forfayte lye,
Which are foorth comming ſir, and ſafe enough
Sayes good-man Broker, in his new print ruffe:
He will not ſtand too ſtrictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay,
With all good wordes, the kindeſt may be ſpoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cloake:
And yet betweene them both at euery meeting,
God ſaue you Sir, is their familiar greeting.
This is much kindneſſe ſure, I pray commend him
with great good words, he highly doth defend him
It is a fauour at a pinch, in need.
A pinching friendſhip, and a pinching deed.
The ſlaue may weare his ſuites of Sattin ſo,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in's houſe, or on his backe,
It is his owne by forfaytures ſh pwarcke.

See you the Brooch that long in's Hat hath bin?
It may be there, it coſt him not a pin:
His ſundry ſortes of diuers mens attire,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne deſire:
Shame ouer-take thepeſſant for his paine
That he ſhould prey on loſſes, to his gayne,
In drawing wardrobes vnder his ſubiection,
Being a Knaue in manners and complexion:
Iumpe like to *Vſurie*, his neareſt kinne?
That weares a monny bagge vnder his chinne:
A bunch that doth reſemble ſuch a ſhape,
And haired like to Paris-garden Ape,
Foaming about the chaps like ſome wild Boore,
As ſwart and tawnie as an *Indian* Moore:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he ſhowes,
His faces chiefeſt ornament is noſe.
Full furniſhed with many a Clarret ſtaine,
As large as any Codpiece of a *Dane*;
Emboſſed curious, euery eye doth iudge.
His Iacket faced with moth-eaten Budge:
To which, a paire of Satten ſleeues he weares,
Wherein two pound of greace about he beares.
His Spectacles do in a copper caſe
Hang dangling about his piſſing place.

His breeches and his hoſe, and all the reſt,
Are ſutable: His gowne (I meane his beſt)
Is full of threedes, (ntitl'd right threed bare:
But wooll thereon is wondrous ſcant and rare.
The welting hath him in no charges ſtood,
Being the ruines of a caſt French hood.
Exceſſe is ſinfull, and he doth defie it,
A ſparing whorſon in attire and diet.
Only exceſſe is lawfull in his Cheſt,
For there he makes a Golden Angels neſt,
And vowes no farder to be found a lender,
Then that moſt pretious mettall doth engender:
Begetting dayly more and more increaſe,
His monyes ſlaue, till wretched life ſurceaſe,
This is the *Iew* alyed very neare
Vnto the *Broker*, for they both do beare
Vndoubted teſtimonies of their kinne;
A brace of Raſcals in a league of ſinne.
Two filthy Curres that will on no man fawne,
Before they taſte the ſweetneſſe of the pawne.
And then the ſlaues will be as kind forſooth,
Not as *Kind-hart*, in drawing out a tooth:
For he doth eaſe the patient of his paine,
But they diſeaſe the Borrower of his gaine.

Yet

Yet neither of them vſe extremitie,
They can be villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our Brother it is meete and fit,
Giue him roſt meate and beate him with the ſpit.
Vſurie ſure is requiſite and good,
And ſo is Brokeage, rightly vnderſtood.
But ſoft a litle, what is he ſayes ſo?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I know.

3

SATYRE.

OH, let the Gẽtlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well; tis Miſtris what d'ye call.
It ſhould be ſhee both by her Maske and Fanne:
And yet it ſhould not by her Seruing man:
For if mine eyes do not miſtake the foole,
He is the Vſher of ſome Dauncing Schole:
The reaſon why I do him ſuch ſuppoſe,
Is this; Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
An actiue fellow, though he be but poore,
Eyther to vault vpon a Horſe, or &c.
See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke.

See you the huge bum Dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke.
Oh with that blade he keepes the Qneanes in awe,
Brauely behacked like a two-hand Saw,
Stampes on the ground, & byteth both his thoms
Vnleſſe he be commaunder where he comes.
You damned Whores where are you? quicke, come
Dry this *Tobacco*; fill a doſen a Beere : (heere,
Will you be briefe? or long you to be bang'd?
Hold take this Match, go light it and be hang'd.
Where ſtay theſe Whores when Gentlemẽ do call?
Heere's no attendance (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the ſtaires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of ſwearing growes:
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To ſweare with him, and giue him ſixe at ſeuen:
Oh he is an accompliſh'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceyted knackes he can;
Which yeeld to him a greater ſtore of gaine,
Then iugling Kings, Hey-paſſe, legerdemaine.
His wit's his lyuing; one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice;
To thoſe exployts he euer ſtandes prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum-card.

The

The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And find him in his boosome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game,
Primero, *Saunt*, or whatsoeuer name:
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes sweare:
If you finde good dealing, take his eares:
But come to Dice, why thats his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce his owne inuention made.
He hath a stocke whereon his lyuing stayes,
And they are *Fullams* and *Bardquarter-trayes*:
His *Langreats*, with his *Hic-men*, and his *Low*,
Are ready what his pleasure is to throw.
His stopt Dice with Quick-siluer neuer misse:
He calles for, come on fiue, and there it is:
Or else heele haue it with fiue and a reach,
Although it cost his necke the Halter streach.
Besides all this same kinde of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath some good other part,
Well seene in *Magicke* and *Astrologie*,
Flynging a Figure wondrous hansomlie:
Which if it doth not misse, it sure doth hit.
Of troth, the man hath great store of small wit.
And note him whereseoeuer that he goes,
His Bookes of Characters is in his hose.

His dinner he will not presume to take,
Ere he aske counsell of an Almanake.
Heele finde if one prooue false vnto his wife,
Onely with Oxe blood and a rustie knife.
He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse,
Shew you the Diuell in a Christall glasse:
The Diuell say you? Why I, is that such wonder?
Being consortes they will not be a sunder,
Alcumie in his braines so sure doth settle,
He can make gold of any copper kettle;
Within three weekes space, or such a thing,
Riches vpon the whole world he could bring.
But in his owne purse one shall hardly spie it,
Witnesse his hostesse, for a twelue months diet:
Who would be glad of gold or siluer either,
But sweares by chalke, & post, she can get neither.
More, he will teach any to gaine their loue,
As thus (sayes he) Take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lye and bake
So drye that you may pouder of her make:
Which being put into a cup of wine,
The wench that drinkes it, will to loue incline:
And shall not sleepe it quiet in her bed
Till she be eased of her mayden-head.

This

This is *Probatum*, and it hath bin tride,
Or elſe the cunning man cunningly lide:
It may be ſo, a Lye is not ſo ſtrange;
Perhaps he ſpake it when the Moone did change:
And therevpon (no vdoubt) th'occaſion ſprung,
Vnconſtant *Luna* ouer-rul'd his tounge.
Aſtronomers that traffique with the Skie,
By common cenſure ſometime meete the Lie:
Although indeed their blame is not ſo much,
When Starres & Planets fayle, & keepe not tutch.
And ſo this fellow with his large profeſsion:
That endes his triall in a farre digreſsion:
Philoſophers bequeathed him their Stone,
To make Gold with, yet can his purſe hold none.

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4. SATYRE.

M*Elſluuius*, ſweete Roſe-watred Elloquence,
Thou that haſt hunted Barbariſme hence,
And taught the Goodman *Cobbin* at his Plow,
To be as elloquent as *Tullie* now;

Who

Who nominates his Bread and Cheese a name,
(That doth vntrusse the nature of the same)
His Stomacke stayer. How dee like the phrase?
Are Plough-men simple fellowes now adayes?
Not so my Maisters: What meanes *Singer* then?
And *Pope* the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, whe
They Counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage?
Since Country fellowes grow in this same age
To be so quaint in their new printed speech,
That Cloth will now compare with Veluet breec
Let him discourse euen where and when he dare,
Talke nere so Yncknorne learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth breech is a pesiant (by the Lord)
Threaten to drawh is (wrath venger) his sword:
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laug
And lets him see *Pone-bastir*, that's his staffe:
Then tels him brother, friend, or so forth, heare ye
Tis not your Knitting-needle makes me feare ye,
If to ascention you are so declinde,
I haue a restitution in my minde:
For though your beard do stand so fine mustated,
Perhaps your nose may be transfisticated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the sledge,
To iumpe or leape ouer ditch or hedge,

To wraſtle, play at ſtooleball, or to runne:
To pitch the barre, or to ſhoote off a gunne:
To play at loggets, nine holes, or ten pinnes,
To try it out at foot-ball by the ſhinnes:
At Ticktacke, Iriſh, Noddie, Maw, and Ruffe,
At hot-cockles, leapfrogge, or blindman-buffe:
To drinke halfe pots, or deale at the whole can,
To play at baſe, or pen-and Yok-horne ſir Ihan:
To daunce the Morris, play at barly-breake:
At all exploytes a man can thinke or ſpeake,
At ſhoue-groate, venter poynt, or croſſe and pile,
At beſhrow him thats laſt at yonder ſtyle.
At leaping ore a Midſommer bon-fier,
Or at the drawing Dun out of the myer:
At any of thoſe, or all theſe preſently,
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I.
Scorne (that amy younſter of our towne)
To let the Bow-bell Cockney put me downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull,
For very valout filles his pockets full,
Wit ſhowers vpon him Wiſedomes raine in plenty
For heele be hangd, if any man find twenty
In all their parſh, what ſoere they be,
Can ſhew a head ſo polliticke as he.

It was his fathers lucke of late to die
Vntestate; he about the Legacie
To London came, inquiring all about,
How he might find a Ciuill-villaine out?
Being vnto a Ciuil-lawyer sent:
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant,
That haue a certaine kind of occupation
About dead men, that leaue things out of fashion?
Death hath done that which t'answer he's not able
My Father he is dyed detestable:
I being his eldest heire, he did prefer
Me sir, to be his Executioner.
And very briefly my request to finish,
Pray how may I by Law, his goods deminish?
Was this a Clowne, tell me true, or was a none?
You make fatte Clownes, if such as he be one:
A man may sweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Foolisher fellowes, haue not so much wit.
Oh such as he, are euen the onely men,
Loue-letters in a Milke-maydes praise to pen:
Lines that will worke the cursteſt sullen Shrow,
To loue a man whether she will or no:
Being most wonderous patheticall,
To make *Cisse* out of cry in loue withall:

He ſcornes that M. Scholemaiſter ſhould thinke,
He wantes his ayde in halfe a pen of Incke:
All that he doth, it commeth euery whit,
From Natures dry-fat, his owne Mother-wit.
As thus:
Thou Honny ſuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchſafe in *Cupids* cuppe my heart to pledge:
My hearts deare blood (ſweete *Ciſſe*) is thy carouſe
Worth all the Ale in Gammer *Gubbins* houſe:
I ſay no more, affayres call me away,
My fathers Horſe for Prouender doth ſtay:
Be thou the Lady *Creſſet-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollelolle* I will proue to thee.
Written in haſte: farewell my Cowſlip ſweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-houſe meete.

---

5. SATYRE.

TIs a bad world, the common ſpeach doth goe,
And he complaines, that helpes to make it ſo:
Yet euery man th'imputed crime would ſhunne,
Hipo-

Hipocriſie with a fine threed is ſpunne.
Eech ſtriues to ſhew the very beſt in ſeeming,
Honeſt enough, if honeſt in eſteeming.
Prayſe waites vpon him now with much renowne
That wraps vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne:
Commending with good words, religious deedes,
To helpe the poore, ſupply our neighbours needs
Do no man wrong, giue euery man his owne,
Be friend to all, and enemie to none:
Haue charitie, auoyde contentious ſtrife,
Oft he ſpeakes thus, that nere did good in's life.
Deriſion hath an oare in euery Boate,
In's Neighbours eye he quickly ſpies a moate,
But the great beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.
Some do report he beares about a Sacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe:
And his owne faultes (quite out of ſight & minde)
He caſtes into the part that hanges behinde:
But other mens, he putteth in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
Contempt comes very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deſertes with proud diſdaine:
Raſhneſſe is his continuall walkingmate,

Coſtly

Coſtly appareled, loftie in his gate:
Vp to the eares in double ruffes and ſtarch,
God bleſſe your eyſight when you ſee him march:
Statutes and lawes, he dare preſume to breake,
Againſt ſuperiors cares not what he ſpeake.
It is his humors recreation fittes,
To beat Conſtables, and reſiſt all writtes:
Swearing the ripeſt wits are childiſh young,
Vnleſſe they gaine inſtructions from his tongue.
Theres nothing done amongſt the very beſt,
But he'le deride it with ſome bitter ieſt.
It's meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when
He may be cenſuring of other men.
If a man do but toward a Tauerne looke,
He is a drunkard heele ſweare on a Booke:
Or if one part a fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues diſſention.
Thoſe that with ſilence vaine diſcourſes breake,
Are proud fantaſtickes, that diſdaine to ſpeake.
Such as ſpeake ſoberly with wiſedomes leaſure,
Are fooles, that in affected ſpeach take pleaſure.
If he heare any that reproueth vice,
He ſayes there's none but hipocrites ſo nice.
No honeſt woman that can paſſe a long,

But muſt indure ſome ſcandall from his tongue:
She deales groſſe blowes her husband neuer feeles
This Gentlewoman weareth capering heeles.
There minces *Mall*, to ſee what youth wil like her
Her eyes doe beare her witneſſe ſhe's a ſtriker.
Yonders a Wench new dipt in beauties blaze,
She is a Mayde, as Maydes goe now adayes.
And thus *Contempt* makes choyſeſt recreation:
In holding euery one in deteſtation:
His common gate is of the iutting ſize,
He hath a paire of euer-ſtaring eyes,
And lookes a man ſo hungry in the face,
As he would eate him vp, and nere ſay grace.
A little low cround Hatte he alwayes weares,
And Fore-horſe like therein a Feather beares.
Goodly curld lockes: but ſurely tis great pittie,
For want of kembing, they are beaſtly nittie.
His Doblet is a cut caſt Satten one:
he ſcorns to buy new now, that nere bought none
Spotted in diuers places with pure fatte,
Knowne for a right tall trencherman by that.
His Breeches, that came to him by befriending,
Are deſperate like him ſelfe, & quite paſt mending
He takes a common courſe to goe vntruſt,

Ex-

Except his Shirt's a washing; then he must
Goe wool-ward for the time: he, scornes it hee,
That worth two Shirts his Laundresse should him see.
The weapons that his humors do afford,
Is Bum-dagger, and Basket hilted Sword.
And these in euery Bawdie house are drawne
Twise in a day, vnlesse they be at pawne.
If any fall together by the eares,
To field cries he; why, zownes (to field) he swears
shew your selues men: hey, slash it outwith blowes
Let won make tothers guttes garter his hose:
Make Steele and Iron vmpires to the Fray,
You shall haue me go with you, to see faire play:
Let me alone, for I will haue a care,
To see that one doe kill the tother faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's euery ones disdayner,
The Strife pursuer, and the Peace refrayner:
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders* larum-bell,
A neere deare kinsman to the Diuell in Hell:
And he whom *Sathan* to his humor bringes,
Is th'onely man for all detested thinges.

6.

SATYRE.

Tom's no good fellow, nor no honeſt man:
Hang him, he wold not pledge *Ralfe* halfe a can
But if a friend may ſpeake as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow by this drinke.
Oh *William*, *William*, th'art as kind a youth
As euer I was dronke with, thats the trueth.
Tom is no more like thee, then Chalk's like Cheeſe
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-ſe freeſe:
Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the emptie pinch.
Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a ſnuffe.
A pox of peece-meale drinking (*William* ſayes)
Play it away, weele haue no ſtops and ſtayes,
Blowne drinke is odious, what man can diſieſt it:
No faythfull drunkard, but be doth deteſt it.
I hate halfe this; out with it, and an end,
He is a buzard will not pledge his friend,

But

But ſtands as though his drinkes, malt-ſacke were
with: *Here's t'ye Sir, againſt you are diſpoſed:* (cloſed
How ſay my friend, an may I be ſo bold,
Blowing on's Beere like Broth, to make it cold;
Keeping the full glaſſe till it ſtand and ſower,
Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower;
Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
Where *boone* companions gage the Pots apace.
A mans a man, and therewithall an end;
Goodfellowſhip was bred and borne to ſpende,
No man ere ſaw a pound of ſorrow yet,
Could be allowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be here to day, and gone to morrow.
Call me for ſixe Pots more: come on, hang ſorrow,
Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*: What, haſt gon right?
Is it the ſame that tickeld me laſt night?
We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe:
Braue *Malt-Tobacco* in a quart pot-pipe;
It netteld me, and did my braines inſpire,
I haue forſworne your drinking ſmoake & fire:
Out vpon Cane and Leafe *Tobacco* (mell;
Diuels take home your drinke, keepe it in Hell.

Carowse in Cannon *Trinidado* smoake,
Drinke healthes to one an other till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they sweate:
Giue me the element thas drowneth heate:
Strong sodden Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one sweare and swagger like a King,
And hath more hidden Vertue then you thinke:
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate & drinke.
Nay, Ile goe further with you, for in troth,
It is as good as Meate, and Drinke, and Cloth:
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall inrolde,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for colde.
If he be cold, he drinketh till he sweate;
If he be hot, he drinkes to lay the heate:
So that how ere it be, cold or hot,
To precious vse he doth apply the Pot:
And will approoue it Phisicall sound,
If it be drunke vpon the *Danish* round,
Or taken with a Pickle-hearing or two,
As *Flemmings* at Saint *Katherines* vse to doe:
Which Fish hath vertue, eaten salt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as Ieate doth Straw.
Oh tis a very Whetstone to the braine: (raine,
A March-beere-shower that puts downe Aprill

It

It makes a man actiue to leape and spring,
To daunce and vault, to carrowle and to sing:
For all exploytes it doth a man inable;
T'out leape mens heads, and caper ore the table:
To burne Sacke with a Candle till he reeles,
And then to trip vp his companions heeles:
To sing like the great Organ-pipe in *Paules*,
And censure all men vnder his controules.
Against all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepest wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depose it.
He sayes that day is to a minute shrunke,
In which he makes not some good fellow drunke:
As for nine Worthies on his Hostis wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards passe them all.
The first of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At last subdued by *Aquauita*, dide,
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,
Feasting with Oysters and braue Renish wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutch men held ful deere
Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearings & strong Beere
Well, happy is the man doth rightly know,
The verrue of three cuppes of *Charnico*:

Being

Being taken fasting, th'onely cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine, extreame.
A pottle of Wine at morning, and at night,
Drinke with an Apple, is imployment right,
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead sicke Heart from all infirmitie.

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7. SATYRE.

LIu'd the Philosopher *Heraclitus*
In *Troynouant*, as once in *Ephesus*?
Were not *Democrites* liues-date full done,
But he with vs and's glasse some sand to runne?
How would the first, dry-weepe his watry eyes?
And th'others laughter, eccho through the skies?
For while they in this world were resident,
Heraclitus for Vertues banishment,
Perform'd a pensiue teare-complayning part:
Democritus, he laugh'd euen from his heart,
Spending his time in a continuall iest,
To see base Vice so highly in request.

Weepe

Weepe Vertues want, and giue sad sighes to boote
Vice rides on Horse-backe, Vertue goes on foote.
Yet laugh againe as fast on th'other side,
To see so vile a scumme preferr'd to ride.
But what wilt helpe to sigh on flintie sinne?
T'will not be mollifide as it hath binne:
T'is farre more highly fauour'd then before,
For Sinne's no Begger, standing at the dore,
That by his patches doth his want dispute,
But a right welcome Sir, for's costly suite:
And maskes about with such an ostentation,
World sayes, Vice-haters loues no recreation.
You shall haue smooth-fac'd neate Dissimulation,
A true *What iacke ye?* by his occupation,
Will (*I in trueth*; *Yes truely*) shew you Ware,
All London cannot with his Stuffe compare:
Nay, if you match it (goe from him to any)
Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny.
At this, my simple honest Country-man
Takes *Truth* and *Truely*, for a Puritan, (ing,
And darein's conscience sweare he loues no ly-
But that they deale for, he giues him the buying:
O let him haue a pen-worth he is willing;
Yet for a groates-worth makes him pay a shilling:

Giues

Giues Good-man *Trollop* one thing for another,
And ſayes, heele yſe him as he were his brother:
But while his eares with brothers tearmes he feeds,
He proouoeth but a Cooſen in his deedes:
Brotherhood once in kindred bore the ſway,
But that dates out, and Cooſnage hath the day.
The foregone ages that are ſpent and done,
The old time paſt, that calles time preſent, Sonne,
Saw better yeares, & more plaine meaning howers
Then preſently, or future following ours:
The World is naught, and now vpon the ending,
Growes worſe & worſe, & fardeſt off frō mending
Seauen grand Diuels, bred and borne in Hell,
Are grac'd like Monarches on the earth to dwell:
wher they cōmaund the worlds whole globy roūd
Leauing poore *Vertuous* life, no dwelling ground.
Pride is the firſt, and he began with *Eue*,
Whoſe cogniſance ſtill's worne on womans ſleeue
He fits the humours of them in their kinde,
With euery moneth, new liueries to their minde.
A Buske, a Maske, a Fanne, a monſtrous Ruffe,
A boulſter for their Buttackes, and ſuch ſtuffe:
More light & toyiſh then the wind-blown chaff
As though they meant to make the Diuell laugh.

The

The next that marcheth, is the roote of euill,
Cal'd *Couetousneſſe*, a greedy raſcall Deuill:
To fill olde Iron barred cheſts, he rakes,
Great rents for little Cottages he takes:
Hording vp corne, in hope to haue a yeare,
Fit for his cut-throate humor to ſell deare.
Then is there a notorious bawdie Feend,
Nam'd *Letcherie*, who all his time doth ſpend,
In two wheeld Coatch, and baſon occupation:
Making a vaulting houſe his recreation.
Vnto his doore the *Sumner* howerly marches:
And euery Tearme looke for him in the Arches.
Enuie's the fourth, a Deuill dogged ſprighted;
In others harmes he chiefly is delighted;
His heart againſt all charitie is ſteeld,
His frownes are all challenges to the field:
Though nothing croſſe him, yet he murmers euer,
He laughs at ſome mans loſſe, or els laughs neuer.
Wrath is the next, that ſwaggers, fights, & ſwears,
In *Fleetſtreet* brauely at it by the eares:
Barboild in rage, pepperd in heate of ire,
Hotte liuerd, and as cholericke as fire.
Vitlers and *Sergiants*, are beholden to him,
Till halter deſtinie, of life vndoe him.

Sixt

Sixe lubberly gor-bellied Deuill great,
Is *Gluttonie*, swolne with excesse of meate:
His belly ship containes th'insaciate gutte,
Paunch'd liquor pooofe, an't were a Malmsie butt
Dulled with drinke: this is his vsuall phrase,
Yet one Quart, and no more sell more, he sayes.
The last, is *Sloth*; a lazie diuelish Curre,
So trust in *Idlenesse*, he scarce can sturre:
Lumpish and heauie thoughts, of *Sathan* giuing,
That rather begges, then labours for his liuing.
These seauen, are Feends come forth of Hels darke (den
On earth seducing soules, misguiding men.

FINIS.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM